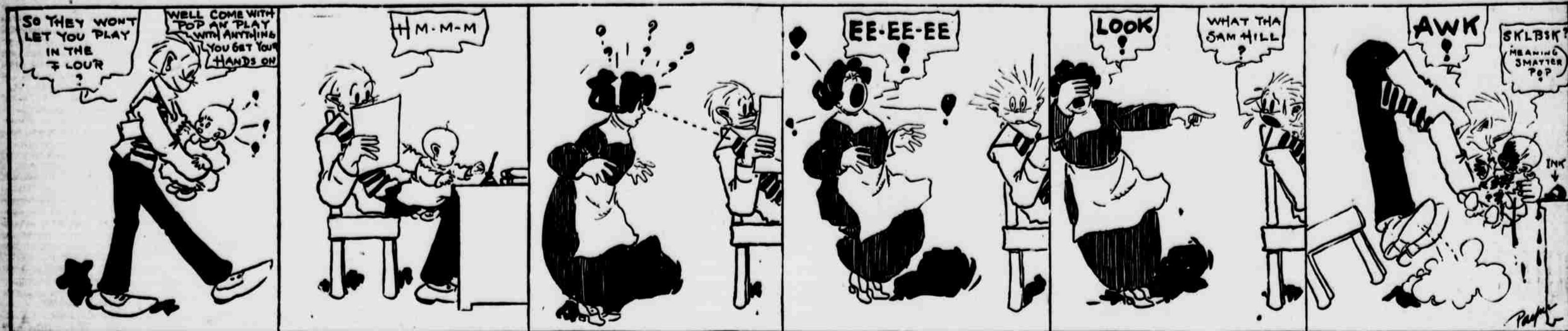


"S'MATTER, POP?"

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By C. M. Payne



COME IN, AXEL! OH, AXEL!! HURRY, AXEL!!!

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By



WHAT'S THE USE?

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By Callahan



The Jarr Family  
By Roy L. McCardell

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**WILLIE JARR IS GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES.**

YOUR coffee is getting cold. Leave the table this instant and wash your hands, young man!

This was a two-part edict from the head of the table, the first portion thereof being addressed to Mr. Jarr and the second to Master Jarr. Little Willie Jarr was at the table also, but as that angel child never caused anybody one bit of trouble ever she was seldom the object of admonition.

Still, the message was seemingly directed at Mr. Jarr as a whole, and he was impelled to feel his coffee cup first and then look at his hands.

Miss Irene Cackieberry, being "in love," as it was explained, was being served breakfast in bed by her new admiring slave, Gertrude, the Jarrs' light running domestic.

On previous visits either or both of the Miss Cackieberys might have entered in their boudoir before the then scornful Gertrude would have "turned a hand for 'em," as she expressed it. But when a girl's engaged she is of keen interest to all who surround her and is envied, courted, caressed.

Indeed, at this very minute Gertrude was confiding to Miss Cackieberry that she, Gertrude, never could shake up her mind whether it was Claude the German's mustache or his heroic complexion that had first attracted her heartstrings and made her worship the ground he trod on, despite his gallantry. While, on the other hand, so Gertrude averred, Elmer, her bartender, had money in his bank and was "threatening to let her see" for her.

Master Willie Jarr had reluctantly decided away to make another feint at his chess when Mrs. Jarr learned that her little son might be infected by little Miss Jarr,

yet, And, oh, dear, what will we do?" "Call the doctor, put him in a dark room and keep him warm," advised Mr. Jarr.

"Of course this had to happen just now when I have everything arranged for my theatre party on my two hundred tickets Mr. Dogstony gave me to The Girl from the Cheese Factory!" sniffed Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, Willie, why couldn't you have waited to have the measles until after Capt. Tynnefoyle's military company went with us to the theatre?"

But Master Jarr couldn't explain his inconsiderate infection.

**To Make Sure.**

"I've comin' to pra' meetin' to-night, Brud' Dinger!" inquired good old Parson Bagster.

"Well-uh, no, sah, I reguin not," was the reply. "To tall de troof, pahson, I's aimin' to go to de minstrel show—done got a compermentry ticket."

"Brud' Dinger, dar won't be no minstrel shows in heaven."

"Den, if dat's de case, sah, I'm sho' gwine to-night, whilst mah ticket's good."—From Judge.

PA'S DIARY  
BY HAZEN CONKLIN.

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**PA BUYS A DRESS SUIT TO PLEASE MA, BUT—**

GOT my swaller-tail outfit to-day, ready-made, for \$85. The feller didn't know me, so he didn't have no chance to shove the price up on me. I seen a sale advertised in a department store, and I got it there. But I'm in wrong again for all my tryin' to please.

I brought it home with me in a bundle. The feller said there ought to be some alterations, but I told him it looked good enough as it was. I come in with it and slid upstairs to my room without any one catchin' me but the feller that opens the door. He wanted to take it away from me, but I told him to tend to his business and I'd tend to mine.

I had an awful job fixin' up. First off, the pants was a mite too tight and I had to sort of work into 'em, and then I hardly dast sit down to lace up my shoes. I rummaged until I found a white shirt, havin' forgot to buy one purpose for it, but when I got on the vest, which wasn't much more'n a belt anyway, the bosom didn't come down like it ought to. The tab stuck out like an ear right about the middle. I had a black, made four-in-hand, and I clipped it into my collar and then slipped on the coat. It kind of puckered at the shoulders, but I figured the puckers would stretch out in time. Then I went downstairs to the dining room, where Ma and Clarice was waitin' for me.

When I come into the room you should a seen the look on their faces. I see the maid put her hand over her mouth and run into the butler's pantry, where I heard her giggling with the gal that helps her. I would of said into my seat natural like, only Ma made me stand up while she and Clarice looked me over.

They was surprised, all right, only they didn't seem exactly pleased. I saw Clarice flush up and shake all over. Ma just looked and looked and said nothin' for over a minute. Then she says, calm like:

"Daw! where DID you get that awful outfit?"

My feelin's was hurt bad, for I hoped they would be pleased, and I had gone far enough to bow to their wishes in spite of my own say-so, but I told her right off, only I didn't tell her what the suit cost me. "Ma ain't got the regard for savin' that I have," Clarice gave a gasp.

"Pawther!" she says, soundin' like she was chokin', "what kind of a tie have you got on! And that shirt! And Mother, those SHOES!"

"Daw!" says Ma, colder than Greenland, "go right upstairs and take off that ridiculous costume!"

Well, I was mad clear through, and sat right down, forgettin' to go kind of easy, and right away I heard some-thin' give way. Ma heard it, too, and so did Clarice, for they looked kind of startled. Then I got madder than ever and got right up.

"Pawther!" says Clarice, makin' signs for me to sit down, because the maid was comin' in with the soup.

But I had my dander up.

"This coat has tails," I says, "and they'll hide the damage. You tend to your supper. I'll get mine somewhere else."

And I did, but I changed back into my old suit first, and I tell you it was like meetin' with an old friend. I ain't going to make no concessions to them women folks. If I can't eat to home nights without lookin' like a bullfrog and feelin' as though I was comin' apart I'll set my vittles somewhere else where there don't have to be no exhibitions. Ma be darned!

YOU GOTTA DO IT!

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**HE-RO**

NOW, WOMAN YOU ARE IN ME POWER, NO ONE CAN SAVE YUH—YOU MUST EITHER MARRY ME OR BECOME ME WIFE—HISS-HISS—HAR-HAR!

Thin Folks Who Would Be Fat

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**Cross-Examined.**

THE Judge summoned Raftery. "Young man," he said, "you have been asking those jurors questions. Who has been informing you?"

"I can't tell you, Judge," Raftery replied. "It wouldn't be right to the juror. He didn't know he was talking to a reporter."

"But you asked him questions," said the Judge heatedly.

"Not questions, Judge," scoffed Raftery. "I only asked him one question—just one—but I asked that one frequently."

"What was that question?" demanded the Judge.

"Why," Raftery replied, "my question was: 'What will you have to drink?'"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Thin Folks Who Would Be Fat

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**Thin Folks Who Would Be Fat**

Increase in Weight Ten Pounds or More

"I'd certainly give most anything to be able to fat up a few pounds and stay that way," declares every successfully thin man or woman. Such result is not impossible, despite past failures. Thin people are victims of malnutrition, a condition which prevents the fatty elements of food from being taken up by the blood as they are when the powers of nutrition are normal. Instead of getting into the blood, all the fat and flesh produce elements stay in the intestines until they pass from the body as waste.

To correct this condition and to produce a healthy, normal amount of fat the digestive processes must be artificially supplied with the power which nature has denied them. This can best be accomplished by eating a Barga table with every meal. Barga is a scientific combination of six of the most effective elements known to the medical profession. Taken with meals, it mixes with the food to turn the sugars and starches into solid, ripe nourishment for the tissues of the body, and its rapid effect is remarkable. Reported gains from its action range from five pounds in a single month to as much as twenty-five pounds in three months. Barga is sold by good druggists everywhere, and every package contains a guarantee of weight increase or money back.

Note.—While Barga has produced remarkable results in giving to its users indigestion and general stomach disorders, it should not be given to its remarkable flesh producing effect, be used by those who are not willing to increase their weight ten pounds or more.—Adv.

SHIRTS

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are the best fitting and best wearing shirts made. The Spring styles sparkle with new patterns, unique colorings and novel effects. \$1.50 and up. Every shirt typical of

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**EARL & WILSON**  
MAKERS OF RED-MAN COLLARS